

# Hampstead Heath.

## A COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

*THEATRE ROYAL*  
*in Drury Lane.*

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*By the Author of The Yeoman of Kent.*

*by Tho.<sup>r</sup> Baker*

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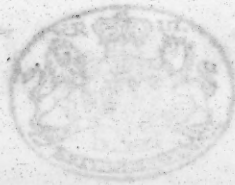
L O N D O N,

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THEATRE ROYAL

COMEDY

THEATRE ROYAL



*Handwritten signature or mark.*



# PROLOGUE.

**W**H<sup>O</sup> scarce wou'd write, or who for Action drudge,  
When ev'ry mounted Foretop is a Judge :  
Wit must seem flat, and Sense but heavy Stuff,  
To Noddles cram'd with Dighton's musty Snuff,  
Whose nicer Tasts think Wit consists alone  
In Tunbridge Wooden Box with Wooden Spoon.  
Nor is't for Cits, of late so sprucely clad,  
That keep two Geldings, and a Female Pad,  
To smirk and carp what Wit is in a Play,  
Because they treated Wits on Lord-Mayor's Day.  
The Theater's for Men of Sense design'd,  
With healing Satyr to correct Mankind,  
Refine their Pleasure, and inform their Mind. }  
Our Author from indulgent Favour shewn,  
Still gratefully presumes to please the Town :  
If in Parnassus he may claim a Seat,  
He wou'd not lose it, but on Loss of Wit;  
Like a New-Market Steed, he'll strain the Course,  
And whole Estates depend upon a Horse :  
But shou'd new Scriblers once the old disgrace,  
As Great Men one another will displace,  
True Courtier like he'll catch the threat'ning Frown,  
And scorn to be turn'd out, but lay it down.  
One Dispensation he does humbly pray,  
To borrow from his late forbidden Play;  
The Ladies on his Side he dares ingage,  
Since Patchwork is the Fashion of this Age.  
If you find Humour, and the Scenes compact,  
Let Hampstead Heath excuse the Oxford Act.

Dramatis

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

- Bloom*,—A Young Gentleman just come from the University. } *Mr. Wilks.*  
*C. Smart*,—A Man of Honour, formerly a Pretender to *Berynthia*, but having had Misfortunes is slighted by her. } *Mr. Mills.*  
*Lampoon*,—A ridiculing mimicking Fellow. *Mr. Cibber.*  
*'Squire Calf of Essex*, *Mr. Bullock.*  
*Deputy Driver*, An extraordinary Old Citt. *Mr. Johnson.*  
*Chum*,—A poor Scholar attending } *Mr. Pinkethman.*  
*Bloom.*

## W O M E N.

- Berynthia*, A Fine Lady of a large Estate at *Hampstead*. } *Mrs. Mountfort.*  
*Arabella*,—Wife to the *Deputy*, a modern City Lady. } *Mrs. Oldfield.*  
*Mrs. ap Shinken*, A *Welsh* Runt. *Mrs. Lucas.*

Singers, Dancers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Hampstead.*



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# Hampstead Heath.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

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SCENE, *the Heath.*

*Enter Smart with a Book.*

*Smart.* A *Dvice to all Parties.* [*Flings it away.*]  
 Give me a Comedy with Sprightly Humour, Language and good Sense; but Poets now are curb'd in their Performance, and harmless Satyr's deem'd offensive Scandal, while factious Monsters scribble downright Mischief, and every Day foment some new Division.

*Enter Bloom.*

*Bloom,* Ha! Captain *Smart!*

*Smart,* My dear *Charles,* may I believe my Eyes; by what strange Accident do I meet thee at *Hampstead?*

*Bloom,* I'll tell you, Captain, after five Years Imprisonment at *Oxford* 'mongst crabbed Authors, and more crabbed Teachers, the happy Day is come, I'm now

B

of

of Age, have left my Tutors, and shook off my Guardians, and like a Ship just fitted out for Sail, well fraught with Money, and brim full of Love, am launch'd into the Ocean of the World.

*Smart*, Success attend you, Sir.

*Bloom*, But how fares *London*? dear, dear *London*! That darling Center of gay Souls, and Seat of Harmony, where Beauty, Wit and Wine alternately delight, and ev'ry Day's reiterated Joys make Life an Extasie?

*Smart*, 'Tis the same Darling Center still, Beauty dazles us, Wine elevates, and Wit successfully Crowns all our Joys; but have a care, young Spark, tho' ev'ry Pleasure's to be had, 'tis sometimes dearly bought. There are Rooks, Hectors, and dissembling Women, Rocks, Shelves and dang'rous Sands, where many a fair Pinnace has been lost: The Town with Conduct is the Sum of Happiness; we dress, we study, we travel, all our former Years are spent to cultivate us for a well-bred Town, tho' *Hampstead* for a while assumes the Day, the lively Season o'the Year, the shining Crowd assembled at this time, and the noble Situation of the Place, gives us the nearest Shew of *Paradise*.

*Bloom*, *London* now indeed has but a melancholy Aspect, and a sweet rural Spot seems an Adjournment o'the Nation, where business is laid fast asleep, variety of Diversions feast our fickle Fancies, and every Man wears a Face of Pleasure. The Cards fly, the Bowl runs, the Dice rattle, some lose their Money with ease and Negligence, and others are as well pleas'd to pocket it; but what fine Ladies does the Place afford?

*Smart*, Assemblies so near the Town give us a Sample of each Degree. We have Court Ladies, that are all Air and no Dress; City Ladies, that are over-dress'd and no Air; and Country Dames with broad brown Faces like a *Stepney* Bun; besides an endless number of

*Fleet-*



*Fleetstreet* Sempstresses that dance Minuets in their Furbeloe Scarfs, and their Cloaths hang as loose about 'em as their Reputations.

*Bloom*, But the Tost o'the Place, I hear, is the fair *Berynthia*, who by all Judges of fine Women, is said to be the Perfection of ev'ry thing, tho' her grand Quality is this, she has three thousand a Year in her own Possession; formerly, Captain, you pretended to her, how stands that Affair?

*Smart*, But odly, my Friend, I was so happy in my Suit as to obtain her Consent, but for weighty Reasons, the Marriage was deferr'd for a Year; since when, as Fighting, or Gaming, you know, employs a Soldier, having little to do this last Campaign, I ratl'd away great part o'my Estate upon the Head of a Drum, which my Mistress having heard of, refuses now to ratifie our Contract.

*Bloom*, Such a Misfortune must not bias a Woman of Honour, but fine Ladies love to be courted, and 'twill occasion you some new Addresses, since the Obligation is to prove the greater. — But who have we here?

*Enter Driver.*

*Smart*. Mr. Deputy *Driver*, Stockjobber, State-Botcher, the Terror of strolling Strumpets, and chief Beggar-hunter, come to visit *Hampstead*!

*Driv.* And d'you think me so very shallow, Captain, to leave the Good of the Nation, and getting Money to muddle it away here 'mongst Fops, Fiddlers and Furbeloes, where ev'ry thing's as dear as Freeholders Votes, and a greater Imposition than a Dutch Reckoning. I am come hither, but 'tis to ferret out a

frisking Wife o'mine, one o'the giddy Multitude, that's rambl'd up to this ridiculous Assembly.

*Bloom*, I hope, Mr. Deputy, you'll find her in good Hands, Coquetting, at the Wells with some *Covet-Garden* Beau, or retir'd to Picquet with some brisk young Templer.

*Driv*. Perhaps, Sir, I may find her Coquetting, or Piquetting in such virtuous Company ; but if any *Covent Garden* Fop, or *Temple* Coxcomb pretends to corrupt my Wife, he had better affront a Tyger, or encounter a mad Bull.

*Bloom*, I think, indeed, the most violent Lunatick is a Horn-mad Citizen.

*Driv*. Why shou'd any Man speak to my Wife, he may as well come and dine with me without an Invitation ? And what Business has a Tradesman's Wife at the Wells. Has she not her Family Concerns, and a Shop to look to when I'm gone to Change ?—— A mighty Reputation for her, to sit dish'd out like a Fruit Stall, and ogle a young Fellow, that he may take her out to dance, when she's led to the upper end o'the Room !—— Pray, Madam, what d'you call for ?—— The Galloping Nag, Sir,——and after she has jigg'd her self into a Ferment, is waited on to her Lodgings by a Man she ne'er saw before.——In Town, forsooth, she must be Box'd up at the Play e'ery Night—— A pretty Sound, indeed, to have *King* and *Lovelace* bawl out, Mrs. *Driver's* Man !—— And because I won't let her have a Footman, she sends the Prentice to keep her a front Seat.—— Sir, I'm an Enemy to your Wells, your Spring-Gardens, your Plays and Play-Houses, except the House in the *Hay-Market*, which I'm mightily pleas'd with, for 'tis built at so remote an End o'the Town, she'll never find the way to't.

*Bloom*,



*Bloom*, A Woman of Virtue, Mr. *Deputy*, laughs equally at the greatest Temptations, and her Husband's Jealousie; and since publick Places are countenanc'd, no Lady shou'd be aspers'd for using the Liberty of 'em.

*Driv*. But 'tis contrary to my Sovereign Will and Pleasure. Is not the Stag Lord o'the Forest, and shall not I command my own Wife, who am a Scourge to publick Lewdness, a Bustler for Reformation, and a Member o'the Calves-head-Club?

*Smart*, And what signifies your Reforming Society? The noble Exploit of demolishing a poor *Sunday* Apple-Stall, — setting the Beggars at work, that you mayn't be teas'd to give 'em any thing, and your Committees for suppressing *Bartholomew* Fair, where your poli-rick Heads ake with thinking, thro' the Deficiency of a Fund o'Brains.

*Driv*. 'Tis false, Captain, we are no empty Fellows, the City's very much refin'd o'late, has a Bank of Wit in better Credit than the Bank o'Money, and affords Men of abstracted Notions, and substantial clear Heads.

*Smart*, That I verily believe.

*Bloom*, But how does your Fund of Wit appear, *Deputy*, in pretending to reform the World, when you can't govern your own Wife?

*Driv*. Why, you pert Coxcomb! d'you that sprung forth but Yesterday pretend to prate to me, that was the Head of a Faction in *Oliver's* Days! — What! you are coming up too to make a pretty Figure at the Play; talk wantonly to Madam in a Mob, brag the next Day you had a Maidenhead, and the Day after take Physick for't! — Captain, I took you for my Friend, and didn't think you'd abuse me thus; when you come to Town you'll be arrested for your Lace Suit, and want a hundred Guineas upon your Half-Pay-Arrears, but I shall fail you.

*Smart*,

*Smart.* Not if I give you your conscientious Interest of thirty *per Cent.* shou'd you refuse me then, you'd be excommunicated *Pinner's Hall.* ——— Nay, Deputy, we won't part with you, a Tool to play upon, when a Man's wittily dispos'd, is as acceptable as a Flute or a Fiddle, when his Head's full of Crotchets and Semiquavers. ——— Oh! here comes Mr. *Lampoon*, an affected carping Fellow, that degrades other People because he has nothing in himself, pretends to be very diverting, ridicules every Body, and is kick'd by every Body.

Enter *Lampoon.*

*Lamp.* I have walk'd this Morning half way to *London*, and have met the pleasantest mixture of odd Creatures,—marry'd Wretches with careful sorrowful Faces, lugging along their big-belly'd Spouses,—Widows, and Life-Guard-Men, ——— Citizens upon Hackney Pads, that shake their Elbows and gallop as if they were riding away from their Creditors, with such a swarm of Mercers and Drapers Prentices, that having been Beaus beyond their Circumstances, were going to make the last Tryal of their Fortunes upon *Finchley Common.*

*Driv.* Pray, what Profession are you of, that you pretend to satyrize Tradesmen? The Inns o' Court, I guess, where despising Business too, you set up for Wits, and consequently prove Beggars.

*Lamp.* Inns o' Court! One had better be an Ostler at the *Chequer Inn* in *Smithfield*, ——— Wear a Gown! I'd sooner wear a Suit made with open Sleeves, when every Fidler in Town has 'em; ——— I, Sir, was Page to a Countess, and learn'd Impudence and intreaguings from my Lady's Woman, and afterwards getting in with the cold Tea-Drinkers, made my self perfect in the Art of Detraction. ——— Observation and Ridicule are the  
only



only Pleasure of my Life: Does one come to *Hampstead* to view the fine Prospect, or to flee at the Company.

—— One goes to *Westminster* in Term Time, not to hear Rhetorick, and nice Argument, but to see four Pleaders sit down to Dinner upon a Cause, where the first cuts it you up like a Capon, the rest feed upon't, 'till they have eat up the Principal and Interest; and when the Attorneys have pick'd the Bones, the Plaintiff has the Equity of the Carcass. —— One uses *Hyde-Park*, not to admire Ladies and fine Equipage, but to laugh at my Lord *Sapless* with a young Creature in one Chariot, my Lady *Sapless* with a brisk Fellow in the next, follow'd by the Family o'th *Trollops*, that come from the Wild o' *Kent*, and appear always in wash'd Gloves, scowr'd Gowns, four Footmen just taken from the Plough, and an old Coach new painted.

*Driv.* O dear, you're a Critick, I find! Havn't you a Pocket Glass too, like some o' your Brethren that affect to be short-sighted, and peep up at ev'ry Woman they meet, to see if she wears her own Face?

*Lamp.* Why really, Sir, since there's as great a Cheat in Beauty, as in other saleable Commodities, we ought to be as careful in examining a seeming fine Woman, as in dealing with a *Cheapside* Tradesman. —— You must know, Captain, I am the perfect Pasquil of the Age, all the Satyrs, Epigrams, and ridiculous Stories in Town, are sent to me, the Ladies worship me with more Awe and Trembling than the *Indians* do the Devil, and I'm more teaz'd by all the jaded Scriblers to furnish 'em with new Characters, than the Play-House Fruiterer is by your poor pretty cast-off *Philis's* to carry Oranges.

*Bloom.* But d'you never meet with a severe Kick or two by libelling People at this Rate?

*Lam.* A Kick! I'm one o'the Kit-cat Club, and a sort of a Poet, that is, I pay Poets that write for me, and there's ne'er a Wit among us, but will stand a Kick at any time rather than lose a Jest; and to give you a Proof of my Courage, I'll present you with a Song that's a general Satyr upon all the Rakes, Fops, and Coxcombs in the Kingdom.

## S O N G.

A Wig that's full,  
 An empty Skull,  
 A Box of Bergamot,  
 A Hat ne'er made  
 To fit his Head  
 No more than that to Plot.

A Hand that's white,  
 A Ring that's right,  
 A Sword-Knot, Patch and Feather,  
 A gracious Smile,  
 And Grounds and Oyl  
 Do very well together.

A smatch of French  
 And none of Sense,  
 All conquering Airs and Graces,  
 A Tune that thrills,  
 A Leer that kills  
 Stol'n Flights and borrow'd Phrases.

A Chariot gilt  
 To wait on Filt  
 An awkward Pace and Carriage,  
 A foreign Tour,  
 Domestick Whore,  
 And mercenary Marriage.

A Lim-



*A Limber-ham,  
 Gad demme Maam,  
     A Smock-face and no tann'd one,  
 A peaceful Sword,  
 Not one wise Word,  
     Estate and prate at random.  
 Duns, Bastards, Claps,  
 And amorous scraps  
     of Clelia, and Amadis;  
 Toss up a Beau,  
 That grand Ragon,  
     That Hodge-podge for the Ladies.*

*Enter Calf.*

*Bloom.* Ha ! my worthy Friend, Squire *Calf* of *Essex* ! What important Affairs brings you so long a Journey ?

*Calf.* You know, *Charles*, we Country Gentry come to Town about this time o'Year to see Sights, and buy new Rigging; but finding little Company there, I came hither, and had brought my Mother and Sister with me, but there's great Doings to Day at the *Bear-Garden*, and they had a mind to go thither. Well, this *Hampstead*'s a rare Place, I wonder we have no Wells in *Essex*, there's a World o' Quality live about *Rumford*.  
 ——— And how fare all our toping Friends at *Oxford* ? those roaring, soaking Blades ?

*[sings]* Come fill up the Bowl, &c.  
 Do they still sit up six Nights together ?

*Bloom.* No Faith, Squire, you were the Life and Soul o'the Company, and when you left us, we grew sober and splenetick.

*Calf.* I'm heartily sorry for it, but Arts and Sciences do strangely decay.

C

*Driv.*

*Driv.* Pray, Friend, what Accomplishments might you gain at *Oxford*?

*Calf.* I, Sir, was seven Years a Gentleman Commoner there, and you may read my Name ev'ry Day in the Buttery Book, *Cormorant Calf* of *Baliol* College Esq; sixteen Pence boil'd Beef, eight Pence Bacon, a Penny Half-penny Bread, and a Farthing Carrot. Then I learn'd Latin, Greek and Hebrew, Geometry, Trigonometry; I was so prodigious a Scholar, that o' my Conscience had I stay'd there one Twelve Month longer I had study'd the Black Art.

*Driv.* A great Proficient truly; and what Proofs have you given since of your Noble Education?

*Calf.* Why, Sir, I am Lord o' the Mannor, and keep a publick Table; I have had Lords and Ladies drunk at my House: Then I'm one o' the *Quorum* Justices, Major-General of the *Essex* Militia, and design to set up for Member o' Parliament, to shew I have the Wit o' the whole County.

*Driv.* And are you fit to appear in Office in this Saint-like Age, a notorious loose Liver, and a Scandal to Reformation?

*Calf.* Why, who's fitter to be employ'd than he that supports the Trade o' the Nation? I eat great store o' Beef that an Ox may bear a good Price, wear flannel Shirts to encourage the Woollen Manufacture, and make ev'ry Body drunk to promote the Duties upon Malt, Salt, Mum, Cyder, Pipes, and Perry.—— But who are you, pray, that rail at true *English* Topping, and affront so many worthy Country Gentlemen of the best Estates?

*Driv.* Why, Friend, I am a sober Citizen.

*Calf.* A sober Citizen! Yes outwardly so, but you sober Citizens will drink six Bottles to your share in a Corner; you won't go to a Tavern by Day-light, but you'll  
steal



steal into one after 'tis dark. I read last Week in the *Daily Courant*, that comes out ev'ry Day, that above Fifty Vintners are lately broke, because they hadnt back Doors to their Houses.

*Driv.* Look you, Friend, I'm one that will have thee turn'd out of Commission, for a debauch'd Magistrate, and put into the Black List, for a Promoter of Gluttony and Drunkenness, in Opposition to frugal Sobriety, and the reform'd City of *London*.

*Calf.* You're a parcel of Hypocrites, and *Latitudinarians*, and you make such sneaking Feasts now i' the City, one's forc'd after Dinner to go to the Chop-house in *Change-Alley*; and if you ever come into *Essex* I'll raise the *Posse Comitatus* upon you, for a Disturber of Her Majesty's Sots, and have your Nose split to make you look like the Sign o'the *Spread-Eagle*. [*Exeunt differently.*]

*Lamp.* Now may the four Winds conspire my Eternal Disorder, if I didnt promise the Ladies a Visit this Morning. Gentlemen, you'll be at the Wells, my Lady *Bundle* has promis'd to dance a Saraband there. [*Exit.*]

*Bloom.* These Fools give some Diversion, tho' they interrupt Business. But my dear Captain, how d'you intend to prosecute your Amour?

*Smart.* I'll tell you, *Charles*, that Sex you know are but weak Logicians, and when a Woman's Int'rest supplants her Love, nothing but Demonstration can convince her of her Error; therefore I wou'd carry on some mock Intrigue, and set a Fop to court her, without one good Quality to recommend him but his Money. I remember last Year at *Tunbridge* there came upon the Walks a parcel of tawdry Fop *Jews*, a sort of People that of late disperse themselves in all publick Places, but of the most forbidding Aspect Nature ever fram'd; and yet these Beaus, thro' Treats, Balls, and raffling away a world o' Money, were the Ladies only Favourites: Such

a Fop I'd have personated, but I suppose 'tis difficult here to find a Fellow of so good a Front.

*Bloom.* You are deceiv'd, I'll produce you one shall personate *Jew, Turk, or Infidel*, a Fellow of Wit, but being too free with the Characters of some grave Dons in a Lampoon he wrote, was expell'd the University, and I brought him up with me to recommend him to some Employment: But for Assurance, he's a Statue of polish'd Brass, he shall out-lie a City Puritan, out-swear a Solicitor in Chanc'ry, and out-face a *Middlesex* Bomb-Bailiff. ——— Here, *Chum.*

*Enter Chum.*

*Chum,* Gentlemen, I wait your Motions.

*Smart.* Well, Friend, and what Post were you in at Oxford?

*Chum,* I, Sir, was a Gentleman-Serviter at *Brazen-Nose-College*, my Business was to wait upon Gentlemen Commoners, to dress 'em, pimp for 'em, clean their Shoes, and make their Exercises; and the difference, Sir, between us Serviters and Gentlemen-Commoners is this, we are Men of Wit and no Fortune, and they are Men of Fortune and no Wit.

*Smart,* Very concise; and pray, Sir, how d'you Men o' Wit propose to make your Fortunes?

*Chum,* As our Genius and the Fates direct us; Sir, we live precariously there, 'till we're expell'd the College for having Stomachs beyond our short Commons, and then foot it to Town fraught with hungry Resolution, some Assurance, and no Principles, the three great Steps to modern Preferment.

*Smart,* What think you o' the Law?

*Chum,* Ay, Sir, cou'd one be 'Prentice to a Judge, and be made free of Law and Laziness, but to trudge about  
with



with a green Bag for three and four Pence a Term is worse than a Penny-post-man; besides, the World's grown honest since People are afraid to trust one another; and there's so little got by the Law now, I have known four Eminent Serjeants joyn three Pence a piece for a Coach to *Westminster*.

*Bloom*, What say you to Physick then?

*Chum*, Physick, Sir, O dear, where's the Satisfaction of feeling an Old Lady's Pulse, or the Reputation of prescribing to a Young Lady's Shock, and have forty Boys after one, there goes Doctor Puppy-dog? Then the Practice of Physick affords a Man the worst Speculation in the World, and if one happens to suffer a Cure under six Months Illness, one's cry'd down for false Practice, and condemn'd to pound Rhubarb, spread *Diaculum*, and cut furbuloe Paper for Bolus's.

*Smart*, But Poetry's a pleasant Study.

*Chum*, Cou'd a Man live without eating; but to take a studious Walk to *Hampstead*, and a hungry Walk back agen, one had better ha' carry'd the Cook-maid's Trunk for a joyful Sixpence; then to be two Years writing a Play, and solicit three more to get it acted; and for present Sustenance one's forc'd to scribble *The Diverting Post, A Dialogue between Charing-Cross and Bow Steeple*, and Elegies upon People that are hang'd.

*Bloom*, What think you of Intriguing, downright Pimping?

*Chum*, The most Honourable Profession in the World. — I have known a Pimp in *France* rise to be Privy Counsellor.

*Bloom*, Since it hits your Genius we'll employ you. Of all the gay People that flutter about Town, have you not observ'd such a thing as a Beau Jew?

*Chum*, Sir, there's a Knot of 'em come hither.

*Bloom*

*Bloom*, Lucky enough, that Character you must assume; follow us for farther Instructions, and if you perform your Part well we'll prefer you to the Play-House. [*Exeunt.*

*Chum*, Most heroically said, Sir, I kiss your great Toe.  
 ——— A Beau Jew, that is, to be very tawdry, and very ill-bred, to hate ev'n the Nation we live in, and have a natural Antipathy to one another, with a designing lewd Look and a Walnut Complexion. [*Exit.*

*End of the first Act.*

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## ACT II. SCENE *Berynthia's.*

*Enter Berynthia and Arabella.*

*Ber.* **D**EAR *Arabella*, I'm extremely glad to see you, but methinks this Ramble is strangely whimsical, to leave your Family and not say you were going.

*Arab.* Ay.

*Ber.* Why didn't you tell your Husband you had a mind to come?

*Arab.* Because I knew he wouldn't let me.

*Ber.* And would you come when you knew he would not let you?

*Arab.* For that very Reason.

*Ber.* Frank and easie: Suppose now he should think you murder'd, and break his Heart with Grief?

*Arab.*



*Arab.* That indeed wou'd cause both our Deaths.

*Ber.* How so?

*Arab.* 'Twou'd break my Heart with Joy.

*Ber.* The greatest Pattern of Love, Honour and Obey, I ever knew. Pray how d'you live together in Town?

*Arab.* As most Old Dons and their Young Wives do. He says I look like a painted Jezebel, I tell him he looks like a wither'd Apple; he preaches up staying at Home, and keeping him company; I cry, sweet Husband,—— the Immorality and loose Conduct of running to Plays! —— Sententious Husband, —— and the Indecency of inviting Fellows to Cards! —— Jealous Husband, —— 'till he breaks the 'Prentice's Head for sniggering behind the Counter, and then trots to the *Tuesday* Lecture in a great Passion: But i'bed we agree well enough, for we ne'er touch one another, except when he snores so loud, I'm forc'd to hunch him for not letting me sleep.

*Ber.* If you vex him thus, how d'you get Pocket-money and fine Cloaths?

*Arab.* Why, I'm very easie, and run very much in Debt, tho' I am at some difficulty in supporting the Reputation of a City Gamester.

*Ber.* Is Gaming then a Fashion in the City?

*Arab.* It shou'd be a Fashion where the Money's stirring. They talk of your *Pall-Mall* Gaming-Ladies, poor Souls, that pawn their Jewels to double dye their Gowns! where shou'd they have Money to game? 'Tis the City Ladies, that rattle the Dice and deal about the Cards; we make nothing to lose a hundred Guineas at a sitting, our Husbands get it again at *Change* when Stock rises.

*Ber.* But if Stock shou'd not rise?

*Arab.* Why, 'tis but absconding a Month, to make an honourable Composition of twelve Pence i'th' Pound, put on a fresh Look, new paint the House, and begin  
the

the World again. ——— But how go Matters at *Hampstead*, *Berynthia*? A Lady of your Estate must have a Multitude of Lovers.

*Ber.* You may remember, *Arabella*, I had formerly an Amour with Captain *Smart*, a Gentleman unexception'd in Person, Temper, and Estate; but the Captain, drawn in, I guess, by you City Ladies, has play'd away his *Terra firma*, therefore I think it not Prudence to trust him with mine; but the chief Reason, my Dear, is this, I am since enamour'd with a young handsome Commoner, just come from the University; sure the compleatest Structure of Mankind, so sprightly an Air, so sweet an Aspect, and such a modest glowing thro' his Cheeks, they'd tempt *Minerva's* Coldness to a lawful Fire.

*Arab.* Ay, ay, *Berynthia*, the Commoner must be the Man, there's the Blue o' the Plumb, marry a Captain! Some modern Officer, I warrant, that bought his Commission, and being kick'd i'th' Army, comes Home and beats his Wife! I'm for the brisk young Commoner, the witty young Commoner, and ev'ry young Commoner.

*Ber.* Fie! *Arabella*, how you talk!

*Arab.* Well, this *Hampstead's* a charming Place, ——— to dance all Night at the Wells, and be treated at *Mother Huff's*; ——— to have Presents made one at the Raffling-Shops, and then take a Walk in *Cane-Wood* with a Man of Wit, that's not over rude; ——— but to be five or six Miles from one's Husband, Marriage were a happy State cou'd one be always five or six Miles from one's Husband.

*Ber.* But where's the Lady that came down with you?

*Arab.* Oh! my *Welsh* Cozen, Mrs. *ap Shinken*, she'll be here presently, I left her in her Chamber eating a Mess of Leek Porridge; well, that's a good Creature, she



she has no Fortune, and the *Welsh* People are above getting a Livelihood, therefore I maintain her to gallop abroad with me in a Mask, assist my Intrigues, and brazen 'em out to my Husband; and she will upon a Pinch invent for me the most plausible Lies, and deliver 'em with the finest Assurance in the World; 'tis pity her Sex prov'd wrong, she'd ha' made an admirable Attorney.

*Enter* Servant.

*Serv.* Madam, Mr. *Lampoon*.

*Ber.* Dear *Arabella*, since I have not seen you so long oblige me with a little Scandal. ———

*Enter* Lampoon.

Mr. *Lampoon* too is excellent in taking the Town to pieces.

*Lamp.* Why, really, Madam, the Consideration that Scandal and Mimickry raise a Man more than true Merit, added to a little natural Spleen, produces a world o' Satyr, and nothing tickles me like staring out o' Window four Hours together to remark Folks that pass by: I can tell you all sorts of People by their Airs; one knows a Critick by a surly black Phiz, no Powder, a Nose full of Snuff, and a Tooth-pick; a half-witted Fellow by a merry sniggering Countenance, and a Poet or a Player by talking to themselves as they go along the Street: One knows a Mantua-Woman by a good under Petticoat, and a ragged one pinn'd up; a Fidler by a stiff pragmatICAL Air, like the Head of a Base-Viol, trips it along six to four Time, to *Beveridges*, or *Lambeth-Wells*; and a *French* Taylor by a short Coat, and a long *Spanish* Wigg, a monstrous dirty Stinkerk, poy-  
D
sonable

sonable Ruffles, and no Shirt, a pair of Catstick Legs that drawl half a Yard after him, and my Lady's Jumpsy'd up in a Culgee Handkerchief.

*Arab.* For my part I love the Play in a Mobb, where one's entertain'd with such Variety of low Humour, more ridiculously diverting than a modern Comedy. First comes a nice City Merchant, a Creature made up of Beau and Business, and dresses mightily for *Garray's* Coffee-House and the *Hamburgh* Walk, offers me a protested Bill of Exchange, and says, if I prove a Maid he'll transport me to the *East-Indies*, and marry me to a Luciferan Black Prince. — Then comes a spruce *Cheapside* Bob, as constant at the Play ev'ry *Saturday* Night as at the Barber's Shop, presents me with a delicate Pearmain, — by no means, Sir; — Madam, I bought half a Hundred; whispers, Are you engag'd? and says, if I'll go with him to the *Cock* in *Amen-Corner* there's the convenient'st Room, humming Liquor, and the best cold Pork I ever eat. — Next comes a Sea Monster, as eager after a Wench as in chasing a *French* Privateer, and fears nothing but a Fire-ship; — Crab-fish eat me, Madam, says he, if I have tasted fresh Meat this Twelve-month, and if you'll enquire for me at the *Hammock* at *Wapping* I will sowze thee, and swill thee with Rum Punch. — But comes another Tarr, out o' breath, d's Death *John* the Wind's come about, and they skipt off like a couple of Eels. — And then comes a bluff *Irish* Captain, with a tatter'd red Coat, and a swinging black Bag to tye up his Periwig, and his foul Linnen, — faith, I must see your Face, — prithee, Fellow, keep off, thou has'nt Money to purchase it: — What! won't you trust a Soldier! I'm a Gentleman, and Captain of the *Irish* Rapparees; and the Moment he was gone I mis'd my Pocket-Handkerchief.

*Lamp.*



*Lamp.* But sure nothing is so pleasant as a Drawing-Room Night, to see the Impertinents o' the Town buzzing about the Court, where they have no Business, but to be laugh'd at by those that have; — first, there's *Beau Frightful*, with a red Face, and a flaxen Periwig, like a choice *China* Orange in a white Paper, short and thick, like a Lady's *Dutch* Dog, waddles into the Drawing-Room like a fat Goose, and is truss'd up like a boil'd Rabbit. Then there's *Beau Spider*, so very tall, he was always thought too big to go to School, and therefore bred up in Ignorance, tells you a long Story, how a Pimp, an Alderman, and a Pick-pocket, were thrown together in a Horse-pond, and goes out in a Minuet Step.

*Arab.* Then comes the fair Collonel *Prettiman*, as effeminate as a Page at Court, and has a Regiment of more effeminate Captains and Lieutenants, who, when they quarrel with their Men, cry, *As I hope to be sav'd I'll Cane you*, and upon ev'ry Council of War sit and take Orders round a Tea-Table. — Next comes my Lord *Starveall*, with a parcel of lean Skeleton Footmen, that looks like a *German* Beau, with a fine Suit o' Cloaths and a shabby Periwig, he's allow'd to be just ev'ry thing by halves, half dress'd, and half-witted, half a Husband, and enjoys half his Wife, and being but half honest compounds with his Creditors for half Pay: — And then crowd an infinite Shoal of Foreign Counts, that come from *Terra incognita*, who have neither Brains, Manners, nor Money, are Princes here and Pedlars in their own Country.

*Lamp.* For the Women; first comes my Old Lady *Lanternjaws* with her lean, wither'd, perpendicular Face, that moves sympathetically like the Head and Stern of a Ship, and is afraid of stirring her Chin for fear of disordering her Rump. — Next the devout

*Lady Picquett*, so very Religious she says Grace to Milk-Coffee, that goes to Church ev'ry Week-day, and plays at Cards all Sunday. — Then comes the fine Mrs. *Judy Skrew*, who had been four Hours practising *Airs* i'th' *Glass*, the languishing Eye, the drop of the Lip, but when she came to Court, for want of a Lookingglass, she squinted, made Mouths, and shew'd so many frightful Faces, the whole Drawing-Room gave a great Scream, and fancy'd her in a Convulsion Fit. — And then comes the fat Lady *Cherrybum*, who had suited her Cloaths to her Face; — she's *Dutch* built, and *Dutch* bred, heats a Room like a *Dutch* Stove, and by her Bulk you'd take her for the Stadt-House at *Amsterdam*.

*Enter Bloom.*

*Bloom*, Save you, save you, Ladies.

*Ber. Mr. Bloom*, Oh! my Heart!

[*Aside.*

*Bloom*, Madam, I welcome you to *Hampstead*.

[*offers to salute Arabella.*

*Arab.* No Kissing, sweet Young Gentleman, till you have got a Beard, a Kiss from a smooth-fac'd Boy is like a cold Salute from one Lady to another.

*Bloom*, Egad, nothing pleases these Women like a thick Sun-burnt Skin, and a rough pair of Chaps, like a Hedge-Hog. — I'll shave three times aday, till I get a swinging black Beard, and once a Month afterwards. — But, Madam, I forgot to tell you, your Husband's come hither in search of you.

*Arab.* My Husband!

*Bloom*, I met him just now upon the Heath.

*Arab.* O Impertinent! my Sea-Coal City Husband! Now will the sweet Air of *Hampstead* be poyson'd with



with the Scent of *Fleet-Ditch*! What wou'd I give to have him severely cudgell'd for this Insolence!

*Bloom*, Madam, shall I cut his Throat?

*Arab*. Sir, to be accessary to his Death is of ill Consequence, had you done such a thing, and then told it me; — but to use him a little roughly will be some sort of Punishment.

*Bloom*, Madam, I'll do't.

*Enter Smart*.

*Smart*, Ladies, your Servant, as a Guest I intrude my self, [*to Ber.*] once, Madam, I came as a Lover.

*Ber.* I think, Captain, you have had the Misfortune to lose your Estate, thro' your own ill Conduct, but you're still welcome here, I always kept open House to hungry Men of Honour.

*Smart*, 'Tis cruel, Madam, to upbraid one that loves you.

*Arab*. Captain, have you been at the Pay-Office lately? We'll sit down to *Omure*.

*Smart*, The Pay-Office! D'slife, Madam, you play very high! [*Aside.*] These City Wives will ruin the Bank in time, they have gam'd away all the Money-Men in *Lombard-street* already. — But, Ladies, I have News for you, there is such a Beau come to *Hampstead*, a taring Beau Jew, with an Equipage that wou'd dazzle your Eyesight.

*Ber.* and *Arab*. A taring Beau Jew! dear Captain let's be acquainted with him.

*Smart*, [*Aside.*] Ha! how a new Fop takes!

*Arab*. But will he game?

*Smart*, Generously, Madam, like a rattle-headed younger Brother, that ventures his whole Patrimony; he

he broke six of your Top-Beaux at the Groom-Porter's last Week.

*Arab.* That he might, and not carry off six Pieces; — but sweet Captain bring him, and if I cull him for a hundred Guineas at Picquet, you shall be my Bully, and go Snacks, 'tis Alamode a Campaign.

*Smart*, [*aside*] Confound her Clack, these Women are the curstest Satyrs, I shall be banter'd this Hour. — Oh! Madam, the *Deputy* has been told where you are, I overtook him coming in great haste, and I hear him at the Door.

*Arab.* At the Door! ah! [*Affects a Swoon.*]

*Ber.* Bless me! she faints, a Glass o' cold Water there.

*Arab.* [*recovering*] No Water, no Water; *Berynthia*, have you any good *Rosa Solis*?

*Ber.* Follow me into my Closet, and I'll give you a Dram of the best *Rosa Solis*, the best *Ratafia*, or the best plain Brandy.

*Arab.* Then thou art the best of Women. [*Exeunt Berynthia and Arabella.*]

*Smart*, Three Things are mortally terrible to a fine Lady, the Small-Pox, the Devil, and her Husband.

—— Mr. *Lampoon*, what say you to a Flask at the *King's-Arms*.

*Lamp.* No, Sir, I'll in and take a Dram with the Ladies. [*Exit.*]

*Bloom*, Nay, if you're for hard drinking fare you well. —

*Enter Calf.*

My *Essex* Friend, agen! Whither so fast, Squire?

*Calf*, I'm going, *Charles*, first to visit my Mistress, and then to meet some honest Fellows at Mother *Huffs*,  
who



who resolve to be staggeringly drunk, sing and rant like the *Jacobite* Party at a piece of ill News, till we put the Nation in an Uproar.

*Smart*, But what Lady, Squire, is so happy to be Mistress of your Affections?

*Calf*, Why *Berynthia*, the Lady of this House, she has a pretty Estate in *Essex* joins to mine, and I having occasion to enlarge my Park five hundred Acres, design to marry her.

*Smart*, You chuse a Wife then for Conveniency, and not Beauty.

*Calf*, Why, I love Beauty too, and the beautiful'st Creature upon Earth is my Hunting-Mare; tho' what signifies Beauty to us Country Sparks, when a Man comes Home lovingly Drunk at Three a Clock ith' Morning, the Scullery Wench is as good a Bedfellow as the best?

[sings]      *What care I, what care I,  
If 'tis but a Woman, what care I.*

*Bloom*, But I'm afraid, Squire, you'll lose your Mistress, we hear there's a fine *Jew* come hither to court her with Resolution, and a hundred thousand Pounds.

*Calf*, A *Jew* marry my Mistress! Hatchets, Knives, Blunderbusses, and Bagpipes, I'll circumcise the Dog.

*Smart*, Come, Squire, you shall take a Bottle with us.

*Calf*, Sir, I'll go to my Mistress, and if she offers to marry a nine-ey'd *Jew* before Squire *Calf* of *Essex*, —

*Smart*, What then?

*Calf*, Why, she's no Judge of Parts and Merit, and knows not the difference between a tender Coup'd Chicken and a tough Barn-door Fowl. [Exit.]

*Smart*, Does that Fool court her too? What vile Pretenders will some Women bear to fill a flattering Train! ——— By this time, *Charles*, our Beau's equipt, we'll

we'll laugh a little at his Figure, and then carry him to the Ladies.

*Bloom*, I promis'd *Arabella* to plague her Husband for coming after her; a sudden Fancy seizes me, I'll perform that and meet you here in half an Hour.

[*Exeunt differently.*]

*Driver and Mrs. ap Shinken meeting.*

*Driv.* Madam *ap Shinken*, your most humble Servant.

*Shink.* Cozen *Driver*, your very humble Servant.

*Driv.* Pray, Cozen, can you help me to the fight of a certain Lady, a Wife o' mine, who I'm inform'd is in this House?

*Shink.* Such a Lady as your Wife may be in this House, but I can't promise you a fight of her, because she's engag'd in much better Company, and I'm afraid wou'd look a little squeamish on any thing so dirty as her Husband.

*Driv.* But sure, Madam, I may command my own Wife when I have occasion for her?

*Shink.* Not when her Occasions lye more to other People; besides, Cozen, you are stricken in Years, and what Occasion can you have for your Wife?

*Driv.* Pray, Cozen, don't flee, and put on your *Welsh* Airs at me, I say I will see her.

*Shink.* *Welsh* Airs! why d'you rail at *Welsh* Breeding, who have neither Parentage nor Principles, a Foundling, plodding Citt, that cheats ev'ry Body to get an Estate, and has no Body to leave it to; and when you die, for want of a Coat of Arms, you send to the Heralds-Office for a Fool's Head and a pair of Horns, and yet you must slight People of Pedigree?

*Driv.* [*aside*] Now her Blood's up: — And what does your Pedigree signifie? Will it buy you two new Smocks



Smocks when you have rubb'd out your two old ones? Will your Pedigree get you a Husband to maintain 'em all? Nay, it won't so much as buy you an Eighteen-penny Dish to paint a modest Blush over your natural Assurance; then you have liv'd at my House three Years, I have had nothing but your Pedigree for your Board, and that's worse Payment than a Gamester's Note at the *Ghaunt* Chocolate-House, and yet you value your self upon your Extraction, and stand more upon your Privileges forsooth.

*Shink.* But 'tis a sign you rich Citts love great Extraction, when you take such pains to marry your Daughters to Quality.

*Driv.* And 'tis a sign Quality is very much crack'd, when 'tis forc'd to truckle to a City Fortune: — Pox o' your lazy Honour and beggarly Breeding, I'd have People of Rank study Professions, your *Welsh* Gentility level their high Mountains, and the *French* Refugees go help their Brethren the *Cevennois*. — But don't dally with me, Madam, positively I will see my Wife.

*Shink.* Positively, Cozen, you shan't see her.

*Driv.* Nay, then, Cozen, I'll force my way.

*Shink.* And what's your Force, I wonder, poor Mr. Deputy Limberham?

[*Pushes him down, runs out and shuts the Door.*]

*Driv.* Hang her, a *Welsh* Runt, tho' 'twas n't her Strength beat me down so much as her Garlick Breath; but I'll get my Lord Chief-Justice's Warrant, that goes all over *England*, and have the House search'd immediately.

*Enter Bloom, and two Fellows with Sticks.*

*Bloom,* Mr. Deputy, I'm come to ask your Advice on a difficult Point, I hear you are a very great Lawyer.

E

*Driv.*

*Driv.* A Lawyer, Sir, I'm a Haberdasher, and never study'd Law in my Life.

*Bloom,* That's nothing, Sir, you litigious Tradesmen often go to Law rather than pay People their own, and by that means know the practical part of it: The Matter's this, A Gentleman t'other day had a mind (for what Reason I know not) to use me very scurvily, and hired a couple of strong resolute Dogs to Cane me most unmercifully.

*Driv.* Ha!

[*Looking at 'em.*]

*Bloom,* he accosted me with the same good Manners, tho' not with that hearty Respect I now pay you; and after decent Compliments the Fellows——struck.

[*They strike.*]

*Driv.* Pray, Mr. *Bloom*, what d'you mean by this?

*Bloom,* Only to make the Case plain; Sir, you have a Mathematical Head, and I must demonstrate it t'you.

*Driv.* Sir, I have no Mathematical Head, nor do I understand this Usage.

*Bloom,* Gentlemen, said I, I don't understand this Usage, but all the Answer I cou'd get was — strike[*agen.*]

*Driv.* Sir, this Abuse is not to be endur'd, and I am very angry. —

*Bloom,* Sir, I had a great deal of Reason to be angry, [*Skrugs his Shoulders.*] I'm sure I feel the Blows still; to insult a Man without any Cause is worse than the Inquisition, but still the Reply was —— strike. [*Agen.*]

*Driv.* Look you, Mr. *Bloom*, I do know something of the Law, and positively I'll Arrest you for an Assault and Battery.

*Bloom,* That's the thing, Sir, I thank you for your Advice, and positively I'll Arrest 'em for an Assault and Battery; somewhat I did threaten, but wanted the Term of Law: —— But from deliberate Blows they came to finishing Stroaks, and belabour'd me, [*They beat him*]



*him round the Stage.]* till I was forc'd to shew a fair pair o' Heels and run away.

*Driv.* At present too I shall take your Advice, — but will find a time to accost you with the same good Manners.  
[*Runs out and they after him.*]

*Bloo.* Thus ev'ry Drone that marrys a Young Wife  
Grows jealous, follows her, and plagues her Life,  
May fret and foam, but searches her in vain;  
Thus he's receiv'd, and cudgell'd back again.

*End of the second Act.*

ACT III. SCENE continues.

*Bloom and Arabella meeting.*

*Bloom,* **M**Adam, I met your Husband, and have' drubb'd him with as much Civility and Address, as if I had been a Courtier that came to borrow five hundred Pounds, or intreat him to be Bail for me.

*Arab.* You have oblig'd me infinitely.

*Bloom,* But I have such News for you.——

*Arab.* Pray let's hear it.

*Bloom,* Nay, 'tis a mighty Secret.

*Arab.* Oh! I doat upon a Secret, there is such a Pleasure n telling it ev'ry Body.

*Bloom,* Positively then I am in Love with you to Death.

*Arab.* Indeed! [*Aside.*] a pretty Fellow, and not my Averfion;——since when, I beseech you, have you been so violently seiz'd?

*Bloom,* Oh! Madam, I have look'd, and wish'd, and sigh'd for you above this half Hour.

*Arab.* Your Passion's of a long standing, I think you're fall'n away upon't, —— you must eat Jellies and strong Broth.

*Bloom,* No, Madam, I wou'd drink *Nectar* from those dear, pretty, sparkling Eyes; —— but won't you grant me the Favour?

*Arab.* Sir, I'm a marry'd Woman.

*Bloom,* You'll know the Business the better.

*Arab.* What Business?

*Bloom,* Nay.

*Arab.*



*Arab.* Pray forbear, tho' I am a Citizen's Wife I'm virtuous.

*Bloom,* Why so are all the fine Ladies in Town, we'll be both virtuous, that is, we'll be secret, and the World shall ne'er know the contrary; I ne'er thoroughly attempted Love yet, and the first real Fire a Young Fellow throws out shou'd be to Cuckold an Old Citty: My dear charming Angel, let me stifle thee with Kisses.

*Arab.* Lord! Lord! the Youth's betwattl'd, I think, [*Aside.*] and yet he kisses wondrous manfully.

*Bloom,* Sweet Soul! let's retire a Moment.

*Arab.* I'll die first.

*Bloom,* I design you shall.

*Arab.* But wou'd you make a Monster of my Husband?

*Bloom,* No, Madam, an honest good Man, I'd make a Saint of him.

*Arab.* [*Aside.*] I swear a brisk Young Fellow, a very brisk Young Fellow.

*Bloom,* One Moment into that Closet, Dear, dear Creature; — they say it's mighty prettily furnish'd.

*Arab.* [*Aside.*] I vow I've a good mind, but Vertue—and Reputation; I ne'er was so put to't i' my Life.

*Enter Berynthia.*

[*They start from one another.*]

*Bloom,* How d'you find your self, Madam?

*Arab.* Much better, Sir.

*Ber.* You are in a Heat *Arabella.*

*Arab.* Ay, my Dear, a Plumb-stone stuck i' my Throat, if Mr. *Bloom* hadn't hit me a great Blow on the Back I had been choak'd.

*Ber.* [*Aside.*] So quick at a Lie! but Jealousie's as quick-sighted.

*Bloom,*

*Bloom*, Ladies, shall I wait on you to my Lodgings? Captain *Smart* has promis'd to bring the *Jew* thither, and I have got some Performers to give us an Entertainment.

[Offers to lead *Ber*.

*Ber*. Sir, the Lady.

*Arab*. After you, *Berynthia*.

*Ber*. Madam, you're the greatest Stranger. [Fleering.

*Arab*. Nay, Madam, if you command me.

*Ber*. To gratify your own Inclinations.

*Arab*. Sir, your Hand, [aside] I find *Berynthia*'s a sensitive Plant.

[Fidgets out.

*Ber*. This I'll never forgive her, to deprive me of my Love, when I had made her confident of the Amour; how shall I be reveng'd? Oh! when we return hither from Mr. *Bloom*'s Lodgings I'll silyly introduce her Husband, that will be worse than Hell to her, but still I'll carry it, like the great Ladies that visit the City Ladies, with such endearing Friendship, and steal away half their *China*.

[Exit.

*Scene changes to Bloom's Lodgings.*

*Chum* ridiculously dress'd and *Smart* meeting.

*Smart*, The gay, the gallant Mr. *Shimei*!

[Complimenting.

*Chum*, Capt. *Smart*, I meet your Condescension.

*Smart*, Why, thou com'st like the Sun, to dazzle our Eyes, a *Jew*! one o' the Tribe o' *Gad*; thy Appearance does 'em too great an Honour; prithee walk, and let's view thy Garniture a little. — A Beau, thou art an Opera, the Ladies will fall down before thee.

*Chum*, Has the Taylor done my Shapes Justice.

*Smart*, To a Nicety, he has prov'd himself the greatest Mathematician of the Age.

*Chum*,



*Chum*, And you really think me a very pretty Fellow? But am I well perfum'd? Will the Ladies smell me out? Has the Pulvil taken off my Scent of Bread and Butter?

*Smart*, Miraculously, you're ev'ry thing, a perfect Courtier.

*Chum*, Were I as much in Debt. ——— What a mighty Difference there is now between me and a paltry Serviter.

*Smart*, Serviters! Wretched Scoundrels.

*Chum*, Ay, forry Dogs.

*Smart*, You're a Man o' Figure, the only leading Spark in Town.

*Chum*, Why ay, there's nothing like the force of Imagination in Man or Woman; ev'ry *Smithfield* Actress has the Pride of a Heroine during the Time o' the Fair, tho' all the Year after she crys Flounders and *Newcastle* Salmon.

*Smart*, Oh! now for the first Trial of your Skill, Young *Bloom* and I have diverted our selves in telling 'Squire *Calf* you address his Mistress, the *Deputy* that you oblige his Wife, and Mr. *Lampoon* that you have just'd him out o' the *Kit-Kat-Club*; and here they come open Mouth'd upon you, carry the Matter boldly, put on an Air o' Quality, be very shy, and very apprehensive.

*Chum*, Sir, I will be as apprehensive of ev'ry Body that shines less than my self, as a nice Side-Box Beau is of a dirty Door-keeper that comes to ask him for Money.

*Smart*, And be sure you brag well, brag like a *French* General, that does nothing else; say you have such an Estate, that your Father got by Usury and Extortion, a cheating Sire is no Reflection upon the Son, you'll appear open and unsuspected.

*Chum*,

*Chum*, True, and faith I commend the *Jews* for being Knaves, since all the World think 'em so.

*Smart*, I'll retire, and laugh in secret, like a Poet that sneaks into a Corner to see his own Play.

*Enter Calf, Driver, and Lampoon.*

*Calf*, Why *Jew*, *Jew*, what Authority have you to court my Mistrefs?

*Chum*, Your Mistrefs! he! he!

*Calf*, He! he! well, and he! he! I can make a Fool's Face as well as you; ——— a parcel of ugly *Jews*, you go to *Epsom* and *Richmond* and fright away half the Lodgers, where you buy up all the Shoulders o' Mutton, and won't eat the Legs; Icod I'd have an Act of Parliament to make you eat Legs o' Mutton as well as Shoulders.

*Lamp*. Then you won't touch Hog's Flesh, but you're the Devil at Whore's Flesh.

*Driv*. Ay, and they say you make Fricasees of Christian Children; moreover, you an't suffer'd to have a Foot o' Land i'th' Kingdom.

*Chum*, And what *Jew* wou'd buy a Foot of Land that has the Conscience to make *Cent. per Cent.* of his Money? Don't degrade our Sect, the *Jews* o' late are the topping'st People about Town, there's Beau *Rabshcqi*, Beau *Nimshite*, and I, make as good a Figure and fool away as much Money as e'er a Lord in the Nation.

*Lamp*. Yes, you come to the Play, and there talk so lewdly you force a seeming Blush upon the very Orange Women, then you get into the Box among us handsom Beaus; ——— egad, I had like to ha' been pick'd up by a *Jew* t'other Day.

*Calf*, But what have you to do with my Mistrefs?

*Chum*,



*Chum*, Sir, I'll have to do with what Lady I please, I'm worth a hundred thousand Pounds that Old *Ichabod* my Father left me, and I'll marry a Christian Lady, set up a Coach and six Horses, and as many Christian Footmen.

*Driv.* O Lord! Who ever heard of a Christian Footman?

*Calf*, And I, Sir, have two thousand a Year at *Colchester*, and am ador'd above a midnight High-Constable; I gave forty Buckets to the Church, and my Picture to the Town-Hall; I make a swinging Bonfire ev'ry Gun-powder-Treason Night, and the Rabble drink my Worship's Health; and if you offer, *Jew*, to marry my Mistress, Justice *Bullock* and I will issue out our joint Warrant to force you into the Hundreds of *Essex*, where you shall be poyson'd with Fogs, Agues, and fulsom Air, that you may go to Old-Nick and be smoak'd for Hung-Beef. [Exit.

*Driv.* And harke'e, *Jew*, consider, I'm one o'th' Grand Jury, and can Hang thee right or wrong, and if thou dost jingle thy prophane *Aaron's* Bells with *Arabella* my Wife, I will send to *Ireland* for a Cargoe of Evidences to convict thee of High Treason, have thy Quarters set upon *Guildhall* for a Terror to Cuckold-Makers, and a Defence of the Aldermen, Deputies, and Common-Custard-Eaters of the City of *London*. [Exit.

*Lamp.* And d'you intend, Fellow, to usurp my Prerogative of Scandal, and handing about the Ladies? Will that odious tawny Phiz stand in Competition with my Airs?

*Chum*, Sir, while I have Money to be extravagant the Ladies will prefer my Airs; I design to treat 'em, play with 'em, shatter about my Guineas like Barley Corns among the Fowl, and ingross the whole Sex.

F

*Lamp.*

*Lamp.* You will ingross the Ladies, why then draw, Sir.

*Chum,* Draw, so I can, let's see you draw.

*Lamp.* And let's see you draw.

*Chum,* There, I'm half out, Sir.

*Lamp.* And I'm half out.

*Chum,* Why then draw.

*Lamp.* I'll draw no more than you, Sir, *[puts up.*

*Chum,* And I no more than you, Sir. *[puts up.*

*Lamp.* But if I meet you among the Ladies.

*Chum,* What then?

*Lamp.* There I will draw.

*Chum,* And so will I; and if I meet you in the Street.

*Lamp.* What then?

*Chum,* I have a Footman as stout as *Hercules.*

*Lamp.* And I have a Footman as stout as yours.

*Chum,* Why then we'll keep our selves in a whole Skin, and the Footmen shall Pox it out.—— *Brawny,* come hither.

*Lamp.* And *Ralph,* come you hither.

*[Exeunt differently.*

*Smart kicks Chum in agen.*

*Smart,* Cowardly Rascal.

*Chum,* Nay, good Captain, how cou'd you think a Serviter just come from *Oxford* shou'd understand a Sword? Our Way of Quarrelling there is to call Son of a Whore, and throw Dictionaries at one another's Heads; when I'm out of Danger see how bold I'll be, but Duelling is a cursed thing, the *French King* won't suffer it in his Dominions.

*Smart,* Well, here come the Ladies, now strive to exert your self.

*Enter*



*Enter Bloom, Berynthia and Arabella follow  
Arm in Arm.*

*Bloom*, Mr. *Shimei*, to see you here, Sir, strikes me Speechless, for want of a Compliment suitable to so great a Favour.

*Chum*, Sir, I honour you in the Primitive, the Positive, and the Superlative Degree, which is as much as to say, 'Εὐδοξία, 'Εὐδοξότερα, 'Εὐδοξοτάτη.

*Bloom*, [*Aside to Chum.*] Confound your Greek Phrase, what *Beau* talks at that rate, you Coxcomb?

*Chum*, Ladies, I admire your Personages.

*When Beauties couple thus they shine more bright,  
And like two Stars set off each others Light.*

*Arab.* Oh! that's pretty! I'd have People o' Rank converse in Rhyme, and leave Prose to the inferior sort.

*Ber.* Pray, Sir, how long has this Place been happy in your good Company?

*Chum*, Madam, I arriv'd late last Night, and left my Sumpter-Horse at some distance, like a General that's follow'd by his Bag and Baggage, for I have laid out five hundred Pounds in Cloaths, and design to appear ev'ry Day new, and with a different Lustre.

*Arab.* Oh! Variety! Variety! I hate the Repetition of Cloaths, like my Lady *Single-suit*, that made her a rich Brocade, and wore it six Years together.

*Chum*, Are you for any Snuff, Ladies?

*Arab.* [*Takes some.*] Oh! stinking Bread and Cheese Snuff!

*Chum*, Madam, I beg your Pardon, 'tis what the *Jews* take ; but I carry sweet Snuff for the Ladies.

[*Shews another Box.*

*Arab*. A Spoon too, that's very gallant, for to see some People run their fat Fingers into a Box is as nauseous as eating without a Fork. — A pretty fancy'd Box too !

*Chum*, At your Service, Madam.

*Arab*. Infinitely obliging.

[*Snatches it, and puts it in her Pocket.*

*Ber*. [*Aside.*] How can Women beg thus ! He might have had the Manners to ha' offer'd it me.

*Arab*. Well, I always had a Value for the *Jews*, especially the *Jew* Ladies, they are so civil, and have the best Sweet-meats ; I have borrow'd Money of 'em, and ne'er paid 'em, and yet they have been wonderfully civil ; then they are the genteelest Creatures, and come nearest the *French* of any People, especially in their Complexion.

*Chum*, Nay, Madam, the Ladies of *Dukes-Place* are the Envy of *Aldgate* Parish, there's my Sister *Ruth* is admir'd for an Air o' Negligence, with her Head awry, her Hair frowz'd, and one Petticoat longer than t'other ; except it be my Lady *Slatthern-mobb-it*, whose Petticoats drop off, ne'er was any thing beyond her.

*Bloom*, [*Aside.*] The Rogue whims it rarely.

*Ber*. But pray, Sir, what is the Marriage-Ceremony among the *Jews* ?

*Chum*, [*Aside.*] Marriage 'em ! which is as much as to say, ah ! thou dear Creature ! — Why, Madam, our Marriage is a perfect *Smithfield* Bargain, when the Old Folks have adjusted the Point, the Young Ones are oblig'd to break a Pipkin ; and as we ne'er consult one another, we ne'er care for one another.

*Arab.*



*Arab.* Oh! that pleases me.  
*Bloom,* Ladies, the Musick.

[*A Flourish.*  
[*They sit.*

*A Dance.*

*Chum,* Extravagantly fine indeed! This Dancing elevates us to a strange degree, our Senses and their Feet keep mutual Time; and when you come to Town, Ladies, I'll present you with a *Jewish* Consort of Tongs, Dulcimers, and Catcalls.

*Arab.* [*Aside to Ber.*] Well, I'm mightily taken with him.

*Ber.* He's wretched homely, my Dear.

*Arab.* That's nothing, my Dear, the *Jews* are rich, and there's no Harm in winning fifty Guineas of a homely Fellow; I hate your fair visiting Fops, that have no more Manners than to win the Ladies Money; and your *Temple* Beaus, so low i'th' Pocket, they go to the Alehouse ev'ry Night and cry the Wine's so bad they an't able to drink it.

*Ber.* Mr. *Bloom*, you have often promis'd to read me a Play.

*Bloom,* Whenever you command me, Madam.

*Ber.* This Afternoon then.

*Bloom,* Madam, I'll wait on you.

*Arab.* [*To Chum.*]. D'you love Picquet, Sir?

*Chum,* Intirely, Madam.

*Arab.* We'll divert our selves that way.

*Ber.* Nay, *Arabella*, you shan't ingross the Gentleman to your self, we three'll go to *Ombre*.

*Chum,* Ladies, I divide my self betwixt you, my Person, my Fortune are at your Disposal; we'll sit  
down

down to *Ombre*, *Picquet*, *Whisk* and *Swabbers*, or *One*  
and *Thirty Bon-ace*.

[*leads 'em both out.*

*Bloom*, Who, but a *Bookish Afs*, bred up at the  
*Univerfity*, wou'd cram his inside and neglect his out,  
when he may be thus favour'd by the *Ladies*? ———

*Well*, *Captain*, has the *Matter* a good *Aspect*?

*Smart*, Yes, if that froward *City-Wife* don't spoil  
all, her *Old Husband* keeps her fo sharp-fet. ———

While *Berynthia's* engag'd with you I fhall have time  
to give the *Fellow* farther *Hints*.

*Bl.* Go on, and may the *Cheat* fuccesful prove,  
Make the *Nymph* wife, and the *Swain* blefs'd with *Love*.

*End of the third Act.*

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ACT



ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Bloom with a Play-Book, and Berynthia meeting.*

*Bloom,* **M** Adam, I have brought you one o'th' best Comedies extant.

*Ber.* Pray be seated; ——— but why a Comedy? methinks a Tragedy's more engaging; the soft Expressions, and tender Love Scenes.

*Bloom,* Ay, Madam, but o' my Mind Life's a Tragedy; I'm for a Play that diverts me.

*Bloom,* Have you found it so Tragical? Sir, you have been cross'd in Love I suppose.

*Bloom,* Yes, Madam, for want of Money, now I'm come to my Estate I shall succeed better. ——— Hem, Act the first, Scene a Coach-House, enter *John* the Gardiner, and *Rachel* the Dairy-Maid.

*Ber.* Pish, hang the Play.

*[snatches it and flings it away.]*

*Bloom,* If the Poet were here, Madam, egad he'd maul your Reputation.

*Ber.* I wou'd ask you a Question, Sir, What Notion have you of Love?

*Bloom,* *[Aside.]* Love! Love! What the Devil wou'd he be at? ——— Truly, Madam, I ne'er much mus'd on't, 'tis a Study as impertinent as Star-gazing.

*Ber.* But have you not been touch'd the least with Love?

*Bloom,* Touch'd with Love! Madam, I've but just left my Tutor.

*Ber.* That's nothing, People marry now extreamly Young.

*Bloom,*

*Bloom*, Women especially, pert Miss makes nothing to put off her Childs Coat and put on a Husband.

*Ber*. But tell me, Sir, was you ne'er struck with a surprizing Beauty, that left an Awe and Transport on your Mind, whose Presence you still courted, mourn'd her Absence, and cou'd have left the World for her dear sake.

*Bloom*, [*Aside.*] Hum! left the World for her dear sake! How damnably these Women rate themselves! — Why really, Madam, I ne'er found my self subject to Convulsions: But why this to me? Have you e'er felt such strange surprizing Raptures?

*Ber*. Believe me, Sir, I have, when easie Looks, genteel Behaviour, a sober Life and Conversation in one Man unite, is it a Crime for us to be in Love?

*Bloom*, [*Aside.*] Hum! I shall have her cry presently, [*Sings.*] put on a little dimpling Smile, [*Rises.*] Madam, I came to read you a Play, am sorry to find you in the Spleen, and will wait on you some other time.

*Ber*. Is my Discourse so frightful then? You must not go. [*Holds him.*]

*Bloom*, Nay, good Madam, I'm but a young Student in Planets and Weathercocks, and am not yet arriv'd to Woman-kind.

*Ber*. Suppose 'twere you I lik'd, where Fortune's equal, and where Love is honourable? —

*Bloom*, But, Madam, Madam, I'm but this very Day of Age, and wou'd you chain a Man up the Moment he's set at liberty?

*Ber*. I wonnot press you farther, a small Request and I have done, pray look on me, Sir, [*Declines his Head.*] so very modest; — thus fix your Eyes, and from a stedfast Gaze imbibe a lasting Bliss.

*Bloom*,



*Bloom*, [*Starts.*] The Dart has struck, and you have caught my Soul,  
 Oh! take me t'you, fix my wandring Heart,  
 Circle me with those melting snowy Arms,  
 And nourish me with Beauty and with Love.

*Ber.* With equal Tendernefs I meet your Paſſion,  
 and oh! I'll cherish it with ſofter Care.

*Bloom*, How eagerly my Heart receives the Wound,  
 and hugs its welcome Guest; yes, I am touch'd indeed,  
 and I cou'd leave the World for ſo much Beauty; —  
 be gone baſe, cruel Thought.

*Ber.* What cruel Thought?

*Bloom*, 'Twas if I ſhou'd relapſe, and loſe my Happineſs.

*Ber.* Nay, then, I'll lock you faſt — Without there,  
 run immediately for Dr. *Double-chin*.

*Bloom*, How, Madam, a Parſon! ——— Awake my Sences from this Lethargy of Love, and let me be a Man agen. ——— Madam, a thouſand Thanks, I find my ſelf in mighty good Temper; if the Feaver ſhou'd return, the Doctor's Preſence wou'd be a ſufficient Cure.

[*Exit.*

*Ber.* Oh! Unfortunate! When I had wrought the Charm to ſuch a pitch to have it break! That the Thoughts of a black Gown ſhou'd make the Marriage-State ſo formidable! I'll have a Cardinal from *Rome* in all the gaudy Robes of Papal Pride but I will bind him to me.

[*Walks about diſorder'd.*

*Enter Calf.*

*Calf*, Madam, I kiſs your fair Hands.

*Ber.* Kiſs my Monkey.

G

*Calf,*

*Calf*, No truly, I don't use to kiss Monkeys. [*Aside.*] These fine Ladies are so fond of Monkeys, Lap-Dogs, and dapper Beaus, they can say nothing else.

*Ber.* What brings you hither to plague me, you impertinent Fool?

*Calf*, Fool, no, no, Madam, I'm a Justice o' Peace, and you wouldn't say *Essex* Justices were Fools if you heard our wise Speeches at the Quarter-Sessions.——

You're mighty tart methinks, if you won't have a Body, you may give one a civil Answer however.

*Ber.* Have thee, to what End, for a Block to dress my Head upon? Thee! an Idiot! a real Calf!

*Calf*, Well, well, Madam, perhaps you love Mutton better than Veal, abundance o' People think me very good Meat.

*Ber.* Meat, you Coxcomb, thou artn't Meat for the Crows.

*Calf*, Meat for the Crows! No I thank you, an *Essex* Squire of two thousand a Year Meat for the Crows! let 'em feed upon Informers, Pettifoggers, and Pawn-Brokers, such Carrion as themselves.

*Ber.* You troublesom Blockhead, get you out o' my House.

*Calf*, Out of her House! O Lord! I shall never love Breeding agen! I ne'er turn'd any Body out o' my House in *Essex* till they were so drunk they cou'dn't stand, and then 'twas time for 'em to go.——What ails her, I wonder, sure she has been among Nettles to day;——you needn't be so crusty, Madam, they say you an't so handsom in a Morning, till you have put on your Furbuloes, and your Favorites, and laid it on a little.

*Ber.* [*Flies at him.*] Were I a Man I'd brain thee, thou wretched Oaf, provoke me but one Degree farther, the very Boys and Butcher's Dogs shall hoot thee out of Town.

*Exit.*

*Calf,*



*Calf*, What, is the Devil i' the Woman? she's as furious as if one had offer'd to ravish her; I'd ha' such Amazons sent into the National Service, I warrant her she'd rout a Regiment of *French* Dragoons.

*Enter Arabella.*

*Arab.* What's the Matter, 'Squire?

*Calf*, The Matter, Madam, Mrs. *Berynthia* here has been in her Airs, and her Tanterums, and flew at me like a hungry Hawk at a young Squab Pigeon.

*Arab.* Nay, we all know *Berynthia's* of a violent Spirit, she beat her Maid so Yesterday only for running a Pin too far, three of her Teeth came staring thro' her Lip; indeed, 'Squire, I wouldn't advise you to marry her.

*Calf*, Marry her, Madam, I'd sooner marry Brimstone and Wild-fire, for ought I know she has Gunpowder in her Composition, and may blow a Body out o' Bed.

*Arab.* Well, I always said, if the *Welsh* People didn't stand so much upon an Equality of Birth and Fortune, 'twou'd be a happy Match between the 'Squire and my Cozen *ap Shinken*.

*Calf*, Is Madam *ap Shinken* then so prodigious a Fortune?

*Arab.* Fortune, 'Squire, she's Heiress to all *Brecknockshire*, they sacrifice to her in *Wales*, and she's carry'd abroad there upon Men's Shoulders: ——— Then her Family, the *ap Shinkens* of *Wrexham*, are so ancient a Race they never had an Original.

*Calf*, Madam, do but prevail with her to marry me presently, that I may be reveng'd on *Berynthia*, and I'll settle ev'ry Groat I have upon her, and the Heirs of her Body, lawfully or unlawfully to be begotten.

*Arab.* Present Marriage, 'Squire, is too great an Undertaking, I'll introduce you to her; and thus far I'll engage, she shan't beat you, 'Squire.

*Calf.* Well, if I can but get this *Welsh* Heiress, and suck a little of her hot Blood into my Veins, —— let *Berynthia* strike me agen if she dare. [*Half crying.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Chum and Berynthia.*

*Ber.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Chum.* Madam, you shall rowl in Riches, you shall have Pearls, Emeralds, and Onyx's, your Bed shall be stuffed with Rubies of ev'ry Colour, your Bolster an Ingot of pure Gold, and I my self will be your Counterpoint.

*Ber.* I vow, Sir, you are got upon a whimsical Subject, but Wit and Humour make ev'ry thing pleasant.

*Chum.* The Fame of your Beauty, Madam, spreads thro' the World more than false News; I rode Day and Night to bless my Eyes with so illustrious an Object, the very Idea of you lighted me along.

*Ber.* Oh! such transcendent supernatural Flights!

*Chum.* But to speak more Categorically, 'tis true, Madam, there are some Women o' Quality about me, and I must own from St. *James's* to *Dukes-Place* it's a great way for a Footman to walk, but Message after Message, —— however if your Ladyship has a mind to me.

*Ber.* [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha, the Fellow talks like my affected Mercer; —— this charming Damask, Madam, was laid by for a particular Customer, but if you fancy it. ——

*Chum,*



*Chum*, Madam, I present you with my Picture, some Ladies have thought it tolerably handsom, and I'm sure 'tis drawn to the Life.

*Ber.* 'Tis set round with the prettiest Jewels I ever saw, for the sake of them, Sir, I'll wear it.

*Chum*, But to conclude the Matter, Madam, I am willing to sell my self out o' hand, as Dr. *Bloody-bones* does a Treatise of Anatomy, to prevent the Importunity of Booksellers, therefore shall I send for the black Gentleman, or will you break Gold till to Morrow Morning?

*Ber.* Sure, Mr. *Shimei*, you're not in earnest all this while, our Acquaintance is not of so long standing, neither; besides, you know 'tis contrary to the Laws for a Jew to marry a Christian.

*Chum*, Madam, I have no more Religion than your Ladyship, you shall direct my Principles, we'll be careless, *Alamode*, and go to *Hide-Park* ev'ry Sunday Night.

*Enter Arabella.*

*Arab.* [*Afide.*] Well, I have left the 'Squire and my Cozen together, which is one good Step towards making her Fortune, if the Trapes has but Wit enough to manage the Fool——*Berynthia.*

*Ber.* *Arabella.*

*Arab.* Pray, my Dear, no Caballing with the Gentleman, let's return to Cards, I have lost considerably.

*Ber.* With all my heart, my Dear, Mr. *Shimei* only took me aside to enquire if you were marry'd.

*Enter Driver.*

*Driv.* Rest you merry, good People.

*Arab.*

*Arab.* [*Aside.*] My Husband here ! This was a Plot o' *Berynthia's* : What wou'd I give now for a stanch Lawyer's Face to brazen out an ill Cause.

*Driv.* Madam *Driver*, your most humble Servant ; pray, Madam, what Business might your Ladyship have at *Hampstead* ?

*Arab.* And pray, Sir, what Business might your Worship have here ?

*Driv.* Why, Madam, by your Order, I guess, I have been severely cudgell'd here——Are you not asham'd, Wife, to use me thus ? I that took you from keeping a Semstres's Shop, fetch'd your blew Silk Stockings out o' Pawn, from a dirty Callico Gown new rigg'd you like a Countess, and preferr'd you to my Nuptial Bed.

*Arab.* Preferr'd me !—ay,—let any one judge how I am preferr'd : I have marry'd a Haberdasher o' small Ware,—to sit mop'd all day in a Shop at the *Grasshopper* in *Blowbladder-street*, and sell an Ounce o' Groat Thread, a Pen'worth o' Gum-taffety, and a Hap'worth o' Corkin Pins, must suit extreamly well with my Genius.

*Driv.* And is it not more commendable than tagging after Quality, to be within call, manage your Husband's Concerns, and visit your Neighbours.

*Arab.* Visit my Neighbours ! —ay,—the City Neighbourhood is charming——There's my Neighbour *Fusty*, diligent Soul ! that's always mending her Husband's Stockings, that turns, winds, and contrives to make ev'ry thing last as long as it can, and has never been abroad since she lost her Cloggs, entertains me with a Bottle of dead Mum, and the Praises of her dear Spouse, a Subject as barren as her self.

*Driv.* Mighty well.

*Arab.* Then there's my Neighbour *Peevish*, so very saving, she's always cutting her Fingers in paring her Apples thin, that teazes me with the Wastefulness of  
Servants,



Servants, Prentices have such monstrous Stomachs, and Beef is ris' Two-pence a Stone, in so heavy a taking, you'd think she were just ready to cry out.

*Driv.* Extreemly well.

*Arab.* Next, there's my Neighbour *Saintly*, the Presbyterian, that's made up of Religion and Pride, and wou'd'nt touch a Card, for fear the Devil shou'd tear off her best Head-Clothes; and yet I always find her hectoring her Maids: Dem you, you Jade—Gad forgive me for swearing:—Plague take this Wench,—Gad forgive me for Cursing.—The Noise of that House is a perfect Nuisance, for the whole Family are always either swearing, or singing Psalms.

*Driv.* Here's a Tradesman's Wife! O *Cheapside*, *Cheapside*!

*Arab.* Then there's my Neighbour *Salmon*, the Oylman's Wife, that walks out o' the City to take a Walk i' the Park, and the walks home agen, who has eleven lovely Children, and all great Fools; that tells me what violent Eaters they are of Pudding, and how many Pecks o' Flower she uses in a Week, that her Husband, pains-taking Man! is up early and late in maintaining 'em, to return the Pains she had in bearing 'em; and if they shou'dn't prove well, 'twou'd be the breaking of both their Hearts; then calls for Nurse with the youngest, excuses its Dirtiness, and frights me away with its Sqawling.

*Driv.* And are not these Women truly happy, that enjoy their Husband's Company, and share with 'em in the City Honours.

*Arab.* City Honours! guard us, ye Pow'rs! pray observe the intoxicating Degrees of City Preferment;—to be Under Scavenger, and shovel up the Street Dirt; Head Church-Warden, to out-snore the whole Parish, and pocket the Poor's Money; but to have the Watchman

man bawl out, Good morrow Mr. Common-Council-man *Driver*; and then to be Deputy o' the Ward, and get drunk at the Constable's Feast, where you are only a more conspicuous Ass, a distinguish'd Broomstick, and a Brainless Head o' the City.

*Driv.* I will break your Extravagancies, or I will break your Heart.

*Arab.* You may break my Extravagancies when they have broke your Credit, and that's the way to break your Heart.

*Driv.* That a Woman can be so provoking! I who have us'd her so tenderly! she wanted a new furbulo-Scarf, I went and bought it her; but for her Pride, Folly, and Ingratitude, thus I tear her from my Heart. — And now, Madam, having dethron'd you here, I will proceed with the utmost Rigour o' the Law; first I will put an Advertizement in the *Observer*, — Whereas *Arabella*, the Wife of *Deputy Jehoshaphat Driver*, has elop'd from her Husband, That no Body trust her with Patches, Paint, Pomatum, or false Hair, on pain of losing their Debt; then will I petition the House o' Commons to prove me a Cuckold, and be divorc'd by Act of Parliament. [Exit.]

*Arab.* And I as bravely will defend my self, prove my own Vertue, and him an Ass, retort upon his ill Usage for my innocent Liberties; and tho' I brought no Fortune obtain a handsom separate Maintenance.

*In vain dull Citt foment's a Causeless Strife,  
Who never, never can out-wit his Wife.*

*End of the fourth Act.*

ACT



ACT V. SCENE *continues.**Enter Smart and Berynthia.*

*Smart.* **M**Adam, if former Love, at least if former Friendship can be of any Motive, that you'll hear me once more, I urge my Suit.

*Ber.* What Rhetorick can plead so vain a Cause? Then you came qualify'd to sue for Love, your Character supported your Pretensions; but what Reception can you hope for now, unless you judge my Folly by your own?

*Smart.* What reason have you for this sudden Coldness? Is not your own Estate sufficient? Suppose you want my Mite, cannot it be supply'd in Love and Tenderness? Why shou'd you press so hard upon me for being too liberal to my Friends, a little extravagant, and publick-spirited?

*Ber.* To be publick-spirited, is to be a publick Fool: Know the World, and then laugh at your own Weakness; go into the City, see what Sums they'll lend you on your Honour. — At Court you'll find Good Manners, but scarce get a Dinner. March to the Field six hazardous Campaigns, and then you'll see a Page prefer'd above you; and yet in this close gripping Age, the Captain must be publick-spirited!

*Smart.* Yes, I have found it close, ungenerous; I have found you so, Madam; you, whose Idea enlighten'd my Misfortunes, and drill'd my Fancy to the kindest Welcome; but when a long Accord had pass'd between us, when even Relations reckon'd us as One, then

to put on the false, the fickle Woman, ungratefully to slight your absent Lover, and from a sordid Int'rest break your Promise——

*Ber.* Nay, good Captain, don't bully me into Love, pray keep your Fury for the next Engagement, there have been Officers not over-stock'd; and know, Sir, whatever Promise you may claim from me, since I ne'er seal'd it with a Contract, I may recall my Heart; and since the Ratling Box has been your Mistress, that pleasing Eccho to a Rattle-brain, know, I have plac'd my Love elsewhere.

*Smart,* Madam, I leave you to your Fate, a happy Choice must follow broken Vows; some Fop *Narcissus*, who from Self-adoration hates his Wife, or Country Oaf, the Refuse of Society, who bred to Sottishness and senseless Sports, regards you with less Value than his Brutes, and when Ill Usage has worn out your Patience, Reflection's the worst Torment you can prove.

[*Offers to go.*

*Ber.* Stay, Sir, you told me this Journey was a Compliment to me.

*Smart,* It was.

*Ber.* I wou'dn't be unthankful for the Favour, and considering Circumstances, I hope you will not be affronted at a Guinea for your Coach-hire.

*Smart,* Perdition !

[*Exit.*

*Ber.* Captain, your Servant——These Soldiers have the prettiest way of storming an Heiress; if they were as hot in storming a Town, 'twou'd be much happier for the Nation. But to shew I'll not be brav'd into compliance, I'll marry the Jew instantly.

*Enter*



*Enter Chum.*

Mr. *Shimei*, Ask me no Questions, don't so much as thank me, but send for a Parson.

*Chum.* Madam, I'll do't, I have a Friend, a Doctor of No-Divinity, shall tack us together this moment.  
[*Aside.*] A Lady of mature deliberation.

*Re-enter Smart.*

*Smart.* How can she use me thus? yet I'll pursue the Point.

And if I do get thee, *Berynthia*,  
'Twill be my turn to reign :  
Tho' shou'd I e'er attempt to use her ill,  
Her lovely Aspect, and a winning Smile,  
Wou'd turn my Anger into cringing Softness.  
Men may have Conduct, Fire, and Strength o' Mind,  
But Women have such strange bewitching Forms,  
When e'er they please, they'll look us into Fools.

*Enter Chum.*

*Chum*, Capt. *Smart*, the Lady is mine, *ergo* she is yours. I have provided you a Parson's Gown, and as you know the Women are Weathercocks, pray make haste before the Wind changes.

*Smart.* 'Tis well; when that's over, proceed as I order'd you, and I'll be ready to push on the Plot.

When Argument and Reason fail,  
Then Trick and Artifice prevail. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Calf drunk, Bloom meeting him.*

*Calf.* We have been drinking the powerest of Loyal Healths, to the Destruction of our own ; for they have soak'd me, i'faith.

*Bloom.* Why, Squire, Squire, what's become of all your *Essex* Wit now ?

*Calf.* Why, I have Wit enough to know I'm drunk, and that's more than half your Politicians have ; for when they are drunk, they run into State Affairs, and fall together by the Ears.

*Bloom.* But how came you in this Condition, Squire ?

*Calf.* Why, I'm going to undertake a dang'rous Business, and as you know, your bashful Officers, ay, your bashful Officers always get drunk before a Battle, to improve their Courage and their Conduct: So I, Sir, am going to be marry'd, which you know is a terrible thing ; therefore I made my self drunk, that I might have Presence o' Mind.— Now, pray where's your Wit in holding an Argument with a Drunken Man ?

*Bloom.* Very true, I think, Squire, you have more Wit when you're drunk, than when you're sober.

*Calf.* That makes us Country Gentlemen drink so hard, because we never have any Wit but when we are drunk. Now will I go to my Mistress, and let her see, that the Force of her Beauty, together with the Force strong Ale, has depriv'd me of all my Senses.

*Bloom.* Come, Squire, I'll help you along.

*Calf.* Pray ben't so officious, I can go my self.  
[Falls down.]

*Bloom.* There ! you see now you can't govern your self.

*Calf.* That's nothing, I'm a True-born *English*-man, and 'tis the way with *English* Drunkards, always when they tumble down, to——get up again.

[Exit.  
*Bloom,*



*Bloom*, There's a Lump of Love for a fine Lady's Arms, and yet two thousand a Year shall answer all Objections.—But I'll go find out my dear City Wife, I doat on her for once, and may now hope the Favour ; for tho' Reputation has kept her hitherto honest, since her Husband has degraded her in publick, she'll part with ev'ry thing to satisfy her Revenge, and the little blind God is always ready to assist the fair Sex. [Exit.

*Scene discovers Chum, Berynthia, and Smart in a Gown.*

*Chum*, Doctor, I thank you for this Cast of your Office——be proud on't ; for positively I'm the first Man that e'er did thank you for't. [Smart goes out.  
This modern way of marrying so late at night is very pretty ; for when Grace is said, People naturally fall to eating.

*Ber*. Methinks 'tis more decent to have the Ceremony perform'd in a Morning, and agrees better with a Woman's Modesty.

*Chum*, Nor is the Violence always so great on the Man's part——Shall we go to Bed, my Dear ?

*Ber*. As you please, Sir.

*Chum*, Had you rather go to Bed ?

*Ber*. 'Tis pretty late, I think.

*Chum*, Then we'll sit up.

*Ber*. Nay, I'm not the least a sleepy.

*Chum*, We'll go to Bed,——Wife, fetch my Night-Gown.

*Ber*. Fetch your Night-Gown ! let your Servant bring it you.

*Chum*, My Servant ! What's my Wife but my Servant and my Slave ? Who uses 'em otherwise now-a-days ? Love's alienated from Marriage, since the Nation's so well furnish'd with pretty Sempstresses, wheedling

ling Masks, and buxome Waiting-Women: I say, fetch my Night-Gown. [*She brings a Night-Gown, and helps him on with it.*] So! a little higher, I thought I shou'd Bring you to't.—Now, Wife, I'll lie in the great Velvet Bed, and d' you lie with your Maid.

*Ber.* [*Aside.*] Separate Beds the first Night! what means this Usage? Sure 'tis a Wedding Frolick to try my Temper.

*Chum,* One thing more, Madam; to morrow ev'ry Foot of your Estate must be sold; the *Jews* turn all into ready Money; we follow Stocks, Brokerage, and insure Ships, prove very rich, or very Beggars, as the Wind blows.

*Ber.* Sell my Estate, the Support and Bulwark of my Family! Oh Unfortunate! I'm ruin'd and undone.

[*Weeps.*]

*Enter Arabella.*

*Arab.* *Berynthia*,—high tofs! what's the matter now?

*Ber.* Oh! *Arabella*, I am lost for ever; this barbarous *Jew* treats me so inhumanly, and threatens to sell my Estate.

*Arab.* You sell her Estate, Sir *Tawny*! you had better set fire to the *Jews* Synagogue.

*Chum,* Why, good Mrs. *Plant-horn*, the Citizen's Wife, you won't set your Husband at me, I hope: Am I not marry'd to her? Her Estate now is at my disposal, unless you can dissolve the Marriage Knot.

*Arab.* Dissolve it! I have know'd and know'd like any starv'd Rat in a Courtier's Cupboard, and cou'd never get it asunder.

*Enter*



*Enter Smart.*

*Ber.* O Captain, good Captain, if ever your pretended Love was true, save me from this Wretch, and I am yours for ever.

*Smart,* 'Twas your own Choice, Madam ; I courted you long, lov'd you well, and meant your Happiness ; but Interest was so prevalent to Love, tho' you were Mistress of a large Estate, that you cou'd marry a Jew to make you greater. I can but often sigh to think I've lost you, and pity your ill Conduct.

*Ber.* Confusion ! his Pity racks me more than my Misfortune : Oh ! I cou'd rave.

*Smart,* [*Aside.*] But faith, this is carrying the Jest too far, I must soften her——Look you, Madam, you may be happy still ; agree to make me so, and I'll engage to set all Matters right.

*Ber.* Take me and all I have.

*Smart,* Know then, this Marriage was a Trick o' mine to manifest your Error : That Fellow by my Order personated a young rich Jew, and 'twas I marry'd you.

*Ber.* Was this a Plot o' yours to torture me ?— And who are you, Sir, that have play'd this Part so well ?

*Chum,* An impudent Scoundrel, Madam, that was hir'd to abuse your Ladyship.

*Ber.* What Fortune have you, Sir ?

*Chum,* O dear, Madam, a Scholar's Fortune's soon told, a thred-bare Black Coat, and a *Monmouth-street* Periwig, two Rags call'd Shirts, a Dogs ear'd Grammar, and a Piece of an *Ovid de Tristibus*.

*Ber.* Since both your Fortunes are alike, d' you take me. [*To Smart.*] You, Sir, that cou'd study to use a Woman so barbarously, tho' in jest, will never want occasion for't in earnest, when you have her in your power.

[*To.*

[To Chum.] You, that were only brib'd to Roughness, may have natural Softness, at least be brib'd to that too.

*Chum*, Where am I? I'm i'th' Moon, now cou'd I cap Verses with all *Eaton School*.

*Incipe, parve Puer, si vis contendere mecum,  
Tecum, stulte Puer, sperno contendere tecum.*

Captain *Smart*, pray put on the Canonical Habit, and marry us once more.

*Arab*. For Heav'n's sake, *Berynthia*, consider what you do; Marry a sorry Fellow that's but one Degree above a Footman! besides, what scandalous Relations will you bring into your Family, his Father's a Chimney-sweeper, and his Mother a poor Gingerbread-Woman at *Cow-Cross*.

*Chum*, What then, Madam, a Chimney-sweeper's a very high Calling; and if my Mother does sell Gingerbread, she stands as much upon her Punctilio's as you can do, and won't keep Company with any Body below her self.

*Smart*, On my Knees, Madam, I beg you to divert this abject Thought, for your own sake and mine let not your Rashness bring a certain Ruine; I own my Folly, the Action was too harsh, but the Intent was good; 'twas a rough Means to work a happy End.

*Arab*. Oh! this Romantick Kneeling! I shall hoop out, like the upper Gall'ry at a great Jest.——Come, *Berynthia*, don't let him rub Holes in his Stockings, give him your Hand.

*Ber*. Rise, Sir, I shou'd return a little of your Usage, but we Women are too easie natur'd.

*Chum*, What, won't you have me then, Madam?

*Smart*, Have you, Rascal, no.

*Ber*.



*Ber.* Nay, don't despise him, his Ingenuity deserves Reward; to encourage that, and atone for this sudden Baulk, I'll present you with five hundred Guineas.

*Chum*, Madam, your most humble Servant. [*To Smart.*] Sir, the Lady's at your Service.

*Smart*, I hope, *Chum*, you won't let your Mother sell Gingerbread any longer.

*Chum*, No, if she ever disgraces me with her Kindred I'll send her a Bowstring, as the Sultan does the Grand Vizier. Now will I march to *London* with five hundred Guineas i' my Pocket, buy me a long Periwig, and a short Sword, enter my self a Student at the *Temple*, and write Plays.

*Arab.* I'm glad Matters are so well accommodated; and now methinks wou'd I were Friends agen with my Old Husband, not that I love him better than Water-gruel, but faith I have lost all my Money.

*Ber.* I wish you were, *Arabella*, and here he comes most opportunely.

*Enter Driver.*

*Mr. Deputy*, I wou'd fain reconcile your Wife and you; this Trip to *Hampstead* was only a Visit to me, and might be held excusable.

*Driv.* Why, Madam, I have Bowels, and if she's truly sorry for her Sins I can take her agen.

*Smart*, Ay, ay, we'll send for a Lawyer to draw Articles of Agreement.

*Chum*, Send for a Lawyer to make Peace, send for a *Middlesex* Justice to suppress Whores and Picpockets, when he makes four hundred a Year of em!

*Driv.* Sirrah, you're an impudent lying Rogue, we don't make above two hundred a Year of 'em.——

I

What

What say you, Spouse, shall we meet agen in Love and Unity? We'll severally stand corrected, propose freely.

*Arab.* First then, I denounce against your electing Cabals, where you stickle for the Int'rest o' th' City, the Grandeur o' the City, and the Drunkenness o' the City, till you are brought Home stupify'd at Three a Clock i'th' Morning, and disturb a Body to no purpose.

*Driv.* Well.

*Arab.* Then I forbid your Stockjobbing, which has ruin'd more Tradesmen than the late Mournings.— To be decay'd, I'd sooner have you Knighted, Misfortunes are a greater Burthen than Old Age; and the most hated Object in a Woman's Eyes is her Husband when he is not able to maintain her.

*Driv.* Ingeniously said.

*Arab.* And then, as you are Lord o' the Shop, and insult your Prentices, I will be Lady of the House, and rule my Maids, you shan't scold at *Deborah* for wasting the Soap, burning Candle, when she may work by Fire-light, nor trouble your self about what Cloaths are wash'd at Home, and what abroad; you shan't visit the Kitchen, like abundance of Hen-huffies, to peep into the Pot, and feel if the Meat be tender, nor oblige me to buy Calves-heads five times a Week, because you are a Cannibal, and admire your own Species.

*Driv.* Now, Madam, 'tis my turn; and first, I abominate your old Itch of Gaming, where you have often lost all your Money, pawn'd your Cloaths, and come Home in nothing but your Stays and flannel Petticoat.

*Arab.* Notion!

*Driv.* Then, as we are like to have no Children, I forbid all Correspondence with Mrs. *Junket* the Midwife, who can have no other Business with you than to promote some lewd Intrigue; no galloping ev'ry  
Day



Day to Mrs. *Kanisters* the *India* Woman, where you hold your Drinking Cabals, and meet Officers o' the Guards, and when you are half flush'd with White Wine Tea, come Home in a violent Fit o' the Cholick, and conclude the Ev'ning with a Bottle of Doctor *Stephens*.

*Arab.* Ridiculous!

*Driv.* And since your high-flown Principles won't suffer you to hear good Mr. *Drawl*, where I'm an Elder, that you keep your Parish-Church, and not branch forth in the Box at *Paul's*, where you leer, and curtsie, and giggle, and coquet it, as if you were box'd up at a Play. — In short, Wife, I do expect a thorough Reformation, that you dress your self like a Tradesman's Wife, in a modern, but decent Habit, and rest contented with my Country-House at *Hogsdon*, instead of fluttering thro' the Walks at *Tunbridge*, like a Butterfly just flown from *France*, where you are laugh'd at by People of Quality, and despis'd by People of Sense. — And lastly, I will have my House rid of that *Welsh* Cozen Mrs. *ap Shinken*.

*Arab.* That Article you might have spar'd, for see, she has dispos'd of her self already.

*Enter Calf, and Mrs. ap Shinken.*

*Calf.* Know, good People, that I Squire *Calf* of *Essex* am joyn'd in Matrimony to Madam *ap Shinken*, the great Heiress of *Brecknock*, nobly descended from the Race of King *Cadwallader*.

All, ha, ha, ha.

*Smart.* An Heiress, Squire! why she han't Cloaths to her Back, and might ha' ply'd in a Mask, if her Cozen *Arabella* hadn't kept her for a Foyl to her, and a necessary Companion.

*Calf*, What! has she no Estate?

*Driv.* Estate! what shou'd it consist in, Leeks and Onions, rotten Eggs, Skim-milk, and Jack-daw-Cheese? A *Welsh* Heiress! ah! thou art an *Essex* Calf; I'm glad we ha' got her out o' *Cheapside*, the Neighbours threatened to indite her for a Nuisance.

*Chum*, A tall graceful Lady truly; I hope, Squire, you'll give her Picture to the Town-Hall, and make the Rabble drink her Health, he, he, he.

*Calf*, Madam, don't pretend to bubble me; what Fortune have you?

*Shink*. This Company, my Dear, seem very familiar with my Circumstances; but if you'll ride as far as *Wrexham* in *Wales*, which is not above four hundred Miles over the *Welsh* Mountains, you'll be receiv'd to the Nicety of *Welsh* Breeding, and satisfy'd in very obliging Terms that I have——no Fortune.

*Calf*, Ride four hundred Miles over the *Welsh* Mountains to be satisfied she has no Fortune, very pretty!

*Shink*. Well, Squire, I'm a Gentlewoman however.

*Calf*, A Pox o' your Gentility, wou'd I had marry'd a rich Tripe-woman before the genteel Mrs. *Tatterdemalion*; I shall dream o' nothing but *Rag-Fair*; how shall I carry her Home, my Sister *Calf* will spit at her, and my Mother, my Lady *Calf*, will knock her Brains out.—Well, I say little, but when I get her to *Colchester* I'll bury her alive in an Oyster-Pit, and then swear she read *Asgil's* Argument, and has translated her self into another World.

*Exit.*

*Enter Bloom.*

*Bloom*, [To *Berynthia*.] Madam, I give you Joy, you have made a happy Choice, I shou'd ha' prov'd but a shatter-brain'd sort o' Husband; my Head's full o' Wind,



Wind, Plays, Equipage and fine Clothes; for an hour you may command me at any time—to Cards, or so, you know, as we visit the great Ladies.

*Driv.* Come, Spouse, let us jog home agen, to sell Pins, Needles, and long Thread-laces; keep your word, and we may live together as comfortably dull, as e'er a link'd Couple in the Parish.—And, Gentlemen, when you come to the *Royal Exchange*, take a City-Dinner with us, a Shoulder o' Veal, or a Leg o' Mutton of sixteen Pound; we have something hot ev'ry other day.

*Arab.* Husband, gi' me thy Hand, be easy, and be happy; we Women must have the liberty of Gossiping, to backbite and laugh at our Neighbour's Conduct, it guards our own: You shall have no other Cause to be jealous; and if you'd check my Rambling, loose my Reins.

Constraint alone creates a roving Mind,  
They prove most constant, that are least confin'd.

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F I N I S.

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# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Pinkethman*.

**I** Do not as a Dun for Mercy come,  
Alas ! I pity ye, ye've enough at home :  
But that we mayn't from Antient Method stray,  
I come to tell you,—— You have seen the Play :  
Tho' by the way, there's fifty better Courses  
To introduce a Score of paultry Verses.  
But amongst Friends, Is't not a burning Shame,  
Poets shou'd sin, and Play'rs bear the blame ?  
For they, like Gen'als, blustering Speeches make us,  
Draw us upon the Foe,—— and then forsake us.  
We with implicit Faith their Wit attest,  
Yet often make where they ne'er meant a Jest.  
I know the time when Pinkethman cou'd inchant ye :  
I'm sure you're always glad to see me,——an't ye ?  
[To the Upper Gallery.]  
Each Rhyming Fop with half an Ounce o' Brains,  
My fair Idea in his Mind retains,  
And compliments me with a damn'd Side Leer :  
This Part will fit your Humour to a Hair ;

*The*



The veriest Booby that I ever drew,  
A Sot, an Idiot, — 'tis exactly you.  
You well-dress'd Sparks (had you but Sense to know it)  
Of all things shou'd avoid a Wit or Poet :  
For there's Design in all they do or say ;  
Treat 'em but once, they'll tease you ev'ry day,  
Borrow your Gold, then draw you in a Play.  
Ye Side-Box Nuns, that hood-wink all your Graces,  
For Modesty won't let you shew your Faces,  
It's not amongst you all a standing Rule,  
To slight the Wit, and love the wealthy Fool ?  
Fools will good store of Gold and Jewels bring,  
But Wits will pawn you for a Reckoning :  
Tho' after all what Prize from Fools you take,  
You squander still on some one Fav'rite Rake.  
Since then you Men of Figure sway the Town,  
And Poets are so despicable grown,  
Mind not the Satyr flirted out to day,  
But scorning to be touch'd, approve the Play.

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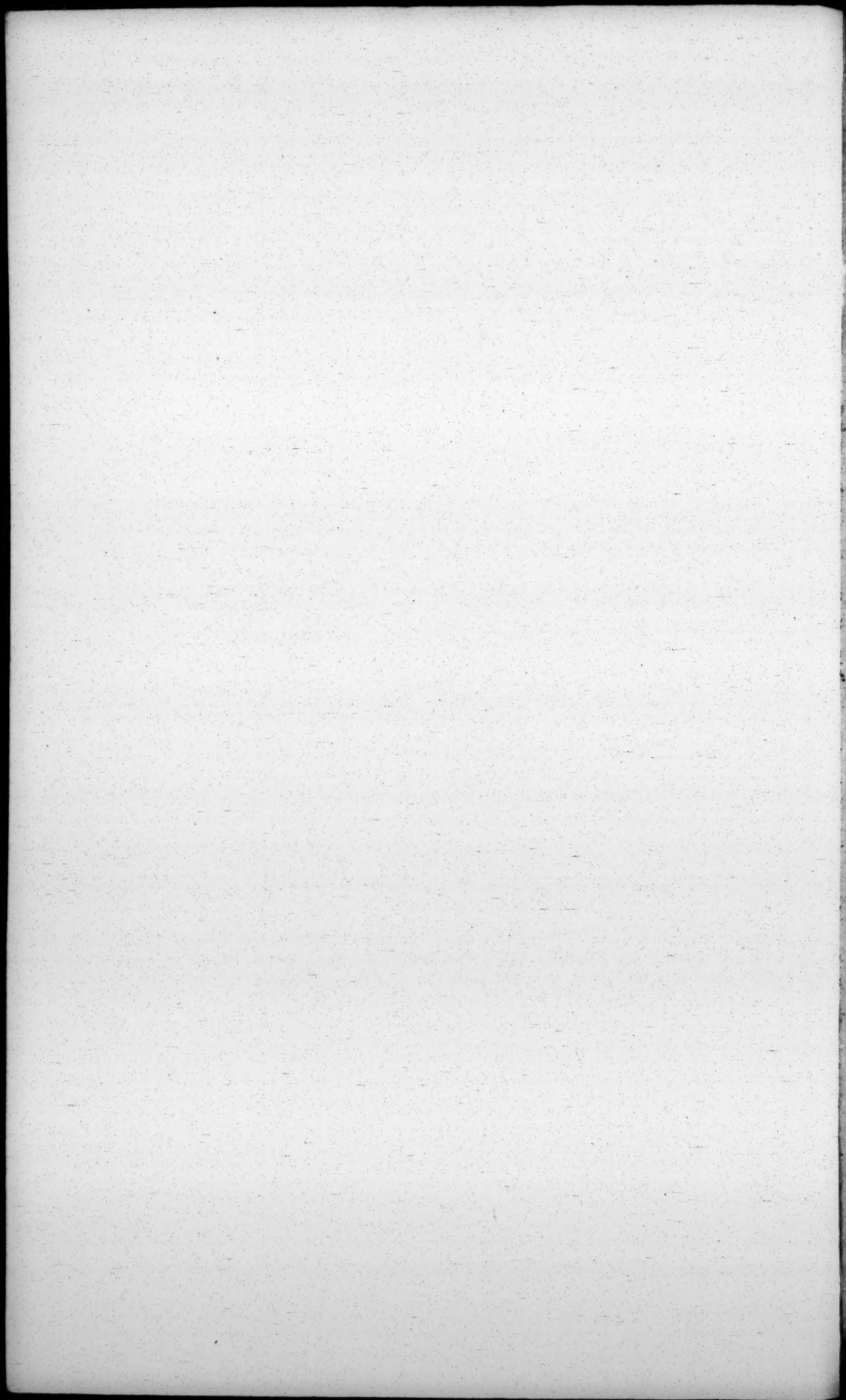
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